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Weekly Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

VOL. V. CLEVELAND, TENN., MAY 6, 1880. NO. 17.

The Impossible.

Man cannot draw water from an empty well,
Or trace the stories that gossips tell,
Or gather the sounds of a pealing bell.

Man never can stop the billows' roar,
Nor chain the winds till they blow no more,
Nor drive true love from a maiden's door.

Man cannot o'ertake a fleeting lie,
Change his wheat to a field of rye;
Or call back years that have long gone by.

Man never can bribe old father time,
Gain the height of a peak that he cannot climb,
Or trust the hand that hath done a crime.

Man cannot a cruel word recall,
Fetter a thought, be it great or small,
Or honey extract from a drop of gall.

Man never can backward turn the tide,
Or count the stars that are scattered wide,
Or find in a fool a trusty guide.

Man cannot reap fruit from worthless seed,
Rely for strength on a broken reed,
Or gain a heart he hath caused to bleed.

Man never can hope true peace to win,
Pleasure without and joy within,
Living a thoughtless life of sin.

Rose Forrester's Escape.

"Everybody envies Rose Forrester."

The pale girl, in gold-colored silk, lifted the broad lids from her clear eyes for a moment, as the speaker's words reached her ear; then she bent over the photographs upon her lap again.

She handled the pictures with an enthusiastic appreciation of their worth, so absorbed in their examination as to be totally unconscious of the tall, fair man who stood quite near, looking down at her with an apparent suddenly-awakened interest.

"Belonging to such a nice family, an heiress, and so beautiful!"

The continued words of the speaker reached Howard Manley's ear, but evidently Rose Forrester did not hear them. She turned with a sparkling smile to her hostess, and was still talking with her of the photographs when Mr. Clinton brought Howard Manley up for an introduction.

As she rose in the full light it revealed that she was very young, scarcely twenty, yet tall of stature, and with a certain marked repose of manner.

Her beauty was not conspicuous—she was too pale; yet Manley saw how perfectly cut was every feature, how clear the dark-gray eyes, how dark the curling lashes. The ripe lips shut over little teeth as white as milk, and the contour of the face was a perfect oval.

The girl's natural and spontaneous manner told that she gave the young man, at first, no unusual attention. Little by little she observed him—the fair hair shadowing the white forehead, the dark blue, penetrating eyes, the unusual grace of figure, the faultless dress.

Her manner was so cordial and friendly, and unmistakably charming that Manley racked his brains for the chance of a next meeting, but was obliged to abandon it when Miss Forrester was joined by her brother.

She left the room, but instantly he thanked his good fortune at the finding of a ruby scarf-pin which he recognized as hers. It was easy to decide the ornament too valuable to be entrusted to a messenger. It was a presumption which he would manage with ease to call upon and restore it.

Rose was not a belle. She had too much depth and passion of nature to ever be a society woman; but she had her admirers, and out of them she soon chose Manley.

She could not tell why, but his looks, words, every act, had a charm for her, and the eloquent blood tinging her cool cheek at his approach told him the story of his power.

He was a proud man—he might well have been a happy one—but he often bore an air of noticeable weariness and depression. This, in answer to Rose's gentle inquiries, he attributed to ill-health.

Spring was opening, with its vivid sunshine, its balmy air, and Rose was very happy. It seemed to her that it was the pleasant influences of the season which made her daily ways so light; the tender colors, sights and sounds surrounding her daily walk with Manley in the park, which made them so enjoyable.

Perhaps they helped to make her spirit strong so that she dared say to herself, "I love him!" and say it without reservation or fear; for she knew that it was but a little while since she had first met him, and of his past history and much of his present she knew nothing.

No: she feared nothing for herself. To love and be surrounded with tenderness was happiness enough for her; she asked for no more. Yet some instinct or trace of worldly wisdom made her withhold her confidence from her brother, who was her guardian; he knew nothing of the intimacy.

From the night she had first met Manley at Mrs. Clinton's party, she never knew any one who knew him intimately. He told her that he had no living female relatives—no home.

He evidently had means at command, and procured for her, with an ingenuity which was almost genius, the rarest and most beautiful gifts. Her delighted reception of them seemed a mutual joy which prevented any possible feeling of obligation on her side. In truth, full of the passionate impulses of youth, she was deaf, dumb and blind for anything but the fullness of the present.

Her brother came into the music-room, where she sat at the piano, dreamily playing, one day.

"Rose, will you give me your attention for a few minutes?"

He held an open letter in his hand. He was twenty years older than herself, a world-wise, prudent man.

"Doctor Wingrove proposes for your hand. You are aware that it will be a very admirable match, are you not?"

Rose had a strange, stunned feeling, yet she bowed faintly. From childhood she had been greatly under her brother's control.

"I should like to write Lim favorably, Rose. Have you any objection?"

"I—I—"

She found herself upon her feet, shivering in the May sunshine.

"I would have a little time, Edwin."

"Certainly, if you wish," though his brow slightly clouded. "The doctor will not probably look for an immediate answer."

The next moment Rose had escaped from the room, and was locked in her chamber.

During the next two hours she hardly knew what she was doing. She found herself walking the floor, and wringing her hands. At last she stopped short, with a sense of pride.

"There is no reason—no reason in the world I dare tell my brother why I will not marry Doctor Wingrove."

Doctor Wingrove was the noblest and gentlest of men, singularly handsome, wealthy, and highly connected, and barely thirty years of age. He had known her since childhood, never made love to her, but now that the offer of marriage had come to her, she realized, somehow, that he had always loved her.

Rose was conscious of a racking pain in her temples, at last. The chamber seemed stifling.

Catching up her cloak and hat, and tying a veil of heavy black lace across her face she went out into the street.

She soon walked herself weary, without abating her painful sensation, and, returning to the street in which her residence was situated, entered the public enclosure of trees and shrubbery which ornamented the square. A fountain bubbled in the center; the stone vases of flowers sent a sweet perfume upon the air.

So close to her home, she had no timidity, and, sinking upon a circular seat surrounding a large tree, she gave herself up to her absorbing thoughts.

It was soon dark, yet she had not stirred. In her black dress, in shadow, she was quite unnoticed by two men who crossed the street from the opposite side and sat down behind her.

She would then have risen and glided away quietly, but that the movement was arrested by Howard Manley's voice.

"How soon?" he asked.

"Now, my dear brother. I'll stand the risk no longer. I've passed false money enough for you to shut me up for the rest of my life, and I value my liberty, singularly enough," sneeringly.

"Well, well, I am willing enough to go, Fred. Heaven knows that I am as sick of the business as you can be. Coining isn't all prosperity. In a new country I should feel like another man. But—"

"The heiress?"

"I am sure of her. But I don't like to urge a hasty marriage. She has an old fox of a brother, who may be inconveniently curious regarding my affairs. If we could wait till the autumn, now, I might enter some respectable business."

"I tell you it won't do!"

Both rose in their excitement, and involuntarily walked away.

Plainly, under the gaslight, Rose saw Howard Manley and his brother pass under the street. They were coiners.

More dead than alive, she crept into the house. But Rose was not a weak girl. Before midnight she had placed Howard's gifts in a close package and sealed with them a note, briefly stating that she had heard the conversation in the park. The next morning it was dispatched.

As soon as her brother broached the subject of Dr. Wingrove's proposal, she asked to have the latter call upon her.

He came, with countenance so high of purpose, with eyes so full of truth, that she involuntarily contrasted Howard's cold, reticent face with it; but she told Dr. Wingrove all the truth.

"Perhaps it was wrong but I loved him—loved him purely—and my heart is torn and bleeding. I am wild with a secret pain which I must hide from everyone. If I had never known him! But I cannot imagine that. This terrible experience has changed me; I am not the care-free, happy, trusting girl you knew. I cannot love you: but pity me—be my friend! I must talk to some one, and, oh, there is no one in the world so kind as you!"

Was Dr. Wingrove piqued by this reception of his proposal? No, he was too generous and tender for that.

"Poor child!" he said, in a tone so soothing that, for the first time, Rose gave way to a relieving burst of passionate weeping.

"What shall I do? What do you think of me?" she asked at last.

"We will wait, and I think that I love you," he answered, quietly.

So two kept the secret of Rose's sorrow more easily than one, and though her heart still knew its pangs of grief for a time, the summer brought change of scene which was helpful to a spirit really brave and innocent.

Dr. Wingrove joined Rose and her brother at the seashore, to find brightness in the young girl's eyes again, and to the latter it was sweet to call so kind and noble a man friend.

Together they climbed the rocks, drank in the free air, watched the sunsets and the sea. Of old they had been congenial, and now they seemed more happily so.

There is usually a sacredness about first love, and perhaps it is expected of me to record the death of my heroine of a broken heart, but I must tell the truth.

In the autumn, Rose married Dr. Wingrove. She is one of the happiest wives in the world. The first love fell from her like a false blossom, while the second ripened richest fruit.

About Blood Stains.

In the Hayden and other trials, experts have testified on both sides of the question whether human blood can be distinguished from the blood of the lower animals by a microscopic examination of dried stains. The question was lately raised in Missouri. William Young was indicted in Clark county for the murder of a family of five persons named Spencer. A vital question was whether his clothes were stained with the blood of the Spencers, as the State claimed, or with animal blood, as the accused said. Governor Phelps asked Dr. Laws, president of the State university, whether any professor of that institution would be willing to take the stand and give an expert opinion, under oath, on this point. President Laws, Dr. Duncan, professor of physiology, and Dr. Sweitzer, professor of chemistry, have answered in letters which are now published. Substantially the same conclusion is reached by each, and each expresses his inability to solve the problem propounded by the governor. They admit that blood stains are different from other stains, and that the blood of mammals can be distinguished, by a microscopic examination of stains, from that of other animals. But it is claimed to be impossible to decide with any degree of certainty, from dried stains, between the red blood corpuscles of man and those of many other mammals. Dr. Laws explains that in all mammals, excepting some ruminants, the llama, alpaca and camel, for instance, the blood corpuscles are the same in form and differ only in size. The diameter of the red corpuscles of human blood, he says, varies from above 1-3000 to below 1-4000 of an inch. But within this range fall the measurements of the red blood corpuscles of a multitude of mammals, including among others the dog, monkey, whale, seal, ass, bear, wolf, raccoon, rabbit, beaver, badger, otter, opossum, porcupine, mouse, rat and squirrel. It has been maintained, however, that the question can be answered when it is so narrowed that it lies between the blood of a man and that of certain specified animals. Thus, it has been shown that the difference in size between the corpuscles of human blood and those of the blood of an ox, horse, sheep, goat or cat is such that the former may be distinguished from the latter under a powerful microscope. Dr. Lionel S. Beale, in the fourth edition of his "Microscope on Medicine," published in 1878, lays down this rule: "I can hardly think that in any given case the scientific evidence in favor of a particular blood stain being caused by human blood will be of a kind that ought to be considered sufficiently conclusive to be adduced, for example, against a prisoner on trial."

Paris Cats and their Friend.

Lucy Hooper, in a recent letter from Paris, says: Talking of the commune, a relic of its furies still remains in the shape of the ruins of the ancient prefecture of police on the Quai des Orfevreries. These lonely precincts have become the haunt and abode of innumerable stray cats, a feline army only surpassed in numbers by the cohorts that prowl around the environs of the grain market. But at that latter point pussy has a mission, and the grain storehouses swarm with rats, and if Mistress Puss is obliged to hunt for a living, at least she finds plenty of game. Nor is she molested or ill-treated. The dogs of the neighborhood are forbidden to chase her, and naughty boys who attempt to hurt or worry her are instantly punished. Puss has a recognized home, too, in the dilapidated, overcrowded postoffice (now soon to be reconstructed), where, but for her presence, the rats and mice would hold high carnival over the mail bags and the dead letters. But the luckless marauder of the Quai des Orfevreries has no social standing and no official supplies of game. The sparrows are shy and very hard to catch. The dogs of the neighborhood are decidedly fierce and undisciplined. But these poor cats have found a friend. Once a day there comes to the ruins an aged woman, dressed all in black, and bearing a huge basket on her arm. At her cry, "Puss! puss! puss!" from every flock and corner hastens a cat. They pop out of holes, they swarm over the walls, they creep from under piles of rubbish—gray, white, black, tabby, tawny, tortoise-shell—all the varieties of the felis domestica are revealed in a moment. The old lady sits down and opens her basket. It is full of scraps of raw meat and liver. Every cat receives his portion in due turn till all are fed and the supply is exhausted. When first this benevolent creature began to feed these poor animals she had a hard time of it. The starving cats would leap into her basket, snatch the pieces from her hands, and scratch her severely if she attempted to resist their depredations. But now they are peaceable and well trained as so many canary birds. They rub against her skirts, climb into her lap, and rub their faces against her cheeks, purring loudly the while. Every cat waits his or her turn with patience, and eats his or her dinner with a strict attention to good manners. There are about forty pensioners which thus subsist daily on the old lady's bounty.

A French veterinary surgeon has discovered that vaccination may be usefully applied to dogs. It apparently prevents the development of those diseases that in many cases prove fatal to pups.

A NEW YORK DEPOT.

How 170 Trains and 50,000 Passengers Are Governed by the Man with the Knobs.

At the Grand Central depot the Hudson River and Harlem roads load and unload their human freights—170 trainloads a day of them. Think of that a minute; think of the immense influx and outgo of humanity. No other than human freight, except baggage and express matter, is received or deposited here. Under the immense roof of glass and iron is a vast wilderness of tracks, on which trains come and go as if controlled by magic. I had the pleasure of an introduction to the presiding genius of the place, and interviewed him in his eyrie-like abode, and this presiding genius is not Mr. Vanderbilt either. It is a long climb up many stairs, through dark hallways, up to near the great glass roof. Then out through a doorway in a window along a long and narrow pathway of two planks, protected by an iron rail, and into a little glass box, hung over the middle of the great depot, at the end through which all trains arrive and depart. Here we find a pleasant-faced, affable young gentleman, Van Dorn by name. He is the presiding genius of the place, and he is surrounded by implements of magic. But it is the magic of the eighteenth century, the magic of the telegraph, the swiftness and mystery of the lightning broken to harness, and made the intelligent and serviceable slave of man. In the center of one wall ticks a regulator clock, beside it a time card, on the left of the table a mysterious finger-board with twenty-one keys, on the right of the table a telegraph instrument. On the wall beside the clock are sundry little bells, greatly given to activity. Van Dorn, the magician, touches a knob on the key board, and courteously explains: "I have signaled the baggageman to stop checking baggage for outgoing Harlem train." Another knob touched: "That rings a bell in the depot ordering the closing of the doors against more passengers." Another knob touched: "That orders the opening of the door in the waiting room." Another dive at the key board: "I have ordered the engineer to back up his engine." Another touch: "This orders the fireman to get ready to couple on the train." "Time is up, and this orders the train to move." And obedient to this mysterious young man way up here in this glass box, the whole manifold machinery of the great depot moves on smoothly and rapidly. But here, the telegraph instrument breaks out. "A train coming in has passed Mott Haven." A sig is touched. It turns a disk a mile and a half distant, not orders it turned, but turns it. It shows whether the track is clear or not. For about a mile and a half from the depot the tracks of the Hudson River and Harlem roads cross each other, forming a sort of gigantic figure eight without the curves at the end. Here almost any hour of the twenty-four a terrible collision could be arranged by magician Van Dorn with very little trouble. But he is alert and wide awake. A signal bell rings, showing that the signal is set at the crossing. Another bell rings. "Ah, the outgoing train has gone on the side track, and the main track is clear." A touch of the key-board: "The incoming train is signaled that the track is clear." Another bell rings: "She has passed the crossing." "The outgoing train is on the main track again." "She has passed the crossing." Another bell rings, and another signal shows the train is passing another signal station nearer the depot. A few minutes more and she heaves in sight. And all the time we have been writing Mr. Van Dorn has been signaling engineers, firemen, baggagemen, conductors, doormen, setting danger signals at one point and removing them at another, making minutes of time on a blank report, and manipulating his telegraph instrument with a wonderful rapidity, and at the same time finding time to chat pleasantly with his visitors. Of the daily average of 50,000 people who pass in and out of this great depot every working day of the year, on the 170 daily trains, how many of them think that their lives have been in the hands of Mr. Van Dorn or his "partner" up in the roof there? Suppose he succumbs to the heat or the cold, or falls asleep for a few seconds? But then he doesn't look like that kind of a man, and we dismiss the ugly thought and fall to admiring the ingenuity of arrangement and perfection of detail that makes such perfect and intelligent management possible.—*New York Letter.*

Probably in no city on the globe are there furnished such opportunities for Christian worship as in the great metropolis of the world, London. Many of the continental cities have but few churches, and it is said that in 1871 that of 23,400 funerals in the city of Berlin, 20,000 of them had no religious services whatever, either at homes, churches or at the grave. From "Mackson's Guide to the Churches of London and its Suburbs" for 1880, we learn that there are 872 churches of the "Establishment" in the city of London within a radius of twelve miles. Of these 245 were open for daily service; 270 were entirely free churches; at 409 there was a weekly celebration of the holy communion, daily celebration in forty-three churches; surpliced choir in 375 churches; a paid choir in less than one-fourth; voluntary choir in 388, and 123 churches were always open for private prayer. It will be noted that this guide only alludes to church of England parish churches. The aggregate of other houses of worship must be very large.

Death in Raw Pork.

Notwithstanding the frequent well-attested cases of death from trichina, both here and abroad, many persons, says a New York paper, seem to think trichina as a source of fatal disease, an invention of physicians. Every few weeks we observe the records of a fatal case in the West, usually in the country. Recently two deaths, those of a Mrs. Harris and her daughter, have been reported at the village of West Sonora, Ohio. They informed their physician that a week or so before their illness, they had eaten freely of raw pork; that they experienced almost immediately exceeding nausea, and were compelled to go to bed, from which they never arose. All their symptoms were those generally attendant upon the disorder, and there is no reasonable doubt that they owe their death to the raw pork. Trichina, or *trichina spiralis*, is the name of a peculiar nematoid worm, which in its sexual immaturity inhabits the muscles generally of the pig. It was discovered in 1835, Wormald, then demonstrator of anatomy at St. Bartholomew's hospital, London, giving to Richard Owen, the celebrated naturalist, four microscopic specimens of specked muscle from a subject then in the dissecting rooms. Owen, who has usually received credit for the discovery, communicated soon after to the Zoological society a description of microscopic *entozoon* infesting the muscles of the human body. A medical student named Paget had also arrived, independently, at similar results at the same time, and read a paper to the Abernethian society a week before Owen had presented his. Ever since then the trichina has been actively discussed on both sides of the sea in all medical and scientific associations. Various theories were advanced, but it was not till 1860 that Virchow and Leuckhart arrived separately, by feeding animals on flesh containing trichina, at the conclusion that the parents of the encysted trichina are small thread-like worms, never before revealed to science, Leuckhart's experiments being made with human flesh occupied by these parasites. Young trichina, as seen in the muscles, look like spirally-coiled worms in the interior of small globular oval cysts, and are barely perceptible to the naked eye. These cysts are externally covered with calcareous matter, more or less, according to the time they have remained fixed, and the degree of generation of their walls. The worm measures one-eighteenth of an inch long and one-thirtieth of an inch broad. The cysts are sometimes wholly absent, and hence must be regarded as abnormal—the result of local inflammation caused by presence of the worm, which in this larval state is very much smaller. An enormous number of these larva may exist simultaneously in the muscles of a single person. Leuckhart estimated that one ounce of flesh of a cat contained 325,000 trichina. If all the voluntary muscles of a man of ordinary size were similarly affected, the worms would exceed 1,950,000 000. Some physicians assert that a single sufferer may be infected by 20,000,000. How the pig acquires its trichina is unknown; but the larvel worms, no doubt, get into its body from putrid flesh. The adult trichina may inhabit the intestinal canal of all animals in which the lava have been found in the muscles, and the animals include man, dog, cat, mouse, rabbit, mole, rat, hedgehog and badger

Signers of the Declaration.

One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the fortunes of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was the tranquility in which their lives were passed, and the late period to which they were protracted. Most of them lived to a good old age, crowned with civil honors bestowed by the gratitude of the republic, and some of them perished by the mere decay of the powers of nature. Of the fifty-six who affixed their signatures to that document, twenty-seven lived to an age exceeding seventy years, and forty to an age of sixty. Only two of the whole number, Gwinnett, of Georgia, who fell in a duel in his forty-fifth year, and Lynch, of South Carolina, who was shipwrecked in his sixtieth, died a violent death. Twenty-one lived to the beginning of the present century, and three were permitted to see the great experiment of a representative confederacy confirmed by the events of fifty years. Of all the delegates from New York and New England, only one, Whipple, of New Hampshire, died at an earlier age than sixty. Never in the world had the leaders in any bold and grand political movement more reason to congratulate themselves and their country on the issue. The exertions and perils of their manhood were succeeded by a peaceful, honored and ripe old age, in which they witnessed the happy result of the institutions they had aided in devising, and they were gathered in their graves amid the regrets of the generation which was in its cradle when they laid the foundation of the republic.

An old lady named Signora Lanfranche, better known as the "Mamma de Can" (the mother of dogs), has just died at Milan, a European city, and she had acquired a great notoriety in Italy through her affection for the canine race. She was so fond of dogs that she had as many as two or three hundred in and about her house; and she was several times compelled to change her residence owing to the complaints raised by her neighbors. She has left the whole of her fortune to be spent upon building hospitals for dogs in various parts of Italy.

The wisest of men is he who has the most complaisance for others.

The Great Fire in Japan.

The Japan *Gazette* gives the following account of the destructive fire at Tokio by which over 260 persons lost their lives: The fire broke out at twelve o'clock in the central part of the city, close to Nihonbashi. It was blowing a gale at the time, and within thirty minutes of the outbreak the city was on fire in seven different places; burning shingles were flying about as thick as hail and were carried long distances by the wind, settling on other houses and setting fire to them. The scene is said to have been terrible. Strong men were running about in a state of bewilderment with old men, old women and children on their backs; mothers dragging along their little ones, bent only on saving their lives. All day the fire raged with the utmost fury. The whole of the buildings on the island of Ishikawa, at the mouth of the Sumida river, including the dockyard and prison, were burned. So rapidly did the flames travel that it was with difficulty streets were cleared of people before the houses ignited; and in so many places was the fire raging that they knew not which way to run. Anxious to save *futons* and wearing apparel the poor creatures sallied forth from their homes with bundles on their shoulders to fly they knew not whither. The streets became blocked with the surging masses; women and children were trampled under foot, and many who fell in the crowd never rose again. little children were seen looking for their parents, parents looking for their children, while the air was rent with cries of rage, anguish and despair. Still they clung tenaciously to the few worldly possessions they had succeeded in bringing from their burning homes, thereby almost completely blocking up the narrow streets through which the masses were slowly treading their way. At length the police interfered and caused numbers to throw their bundles into the river, or anywhere else out of the way, so as to facilitate the escape of the people from the frightful death which threatened them and which was gaining on them fast. The native papers say that sixty-eight streets, containing 11,464 houses, were burned, rendering over 40,000 persons homeless. A relief fund was started, toward which their majesties the emperor and empress subscribed 2,000 yen each. Long before the fire reached the foreign settlement of Tsukiji, the residents felt anxious and began to pack up. But this appears to have been almost a needless task; for when the fire did reach them there was no one to be found to convey their goods and chattles away. Everything had been got ready for flight, but had to be left in the house, as no coolies were to be found willing to undertake the task of removing even the boxes of clothing. The American legation was in imminent danger for some time, and Mr. Clataud's hotel ignited seven different times, but each time the flames were successfully suppressed. The residence of Bishop Williams, of the American Episcopal mission, was burned. It was the property of the bishop, and was uninsured; personal effects saved. The Methodist Episcopal church, partially insured, was consumed.

Making Sugar from Water.

The Concordia (Kansas) *Enterprise* tells of a spring of water from which sugar is made. It says: We had a call last Thursday from Mr. H. T. Mills, now living on his new farm, northwest of Burr Oak. Mr. Mills produced for our inspection a lump of sugar, which he had made from water caught as it ran from a living spring on his place. The process of manufacture was similar to that by which maple sugar is produced from the sap of the maple tree, namely, by "boiling it down." This experiment was made last Sunday, and the amount of sugar "tried out" from three gallons of pure spring water was one and a half pounds. Mr. Mills had his attention called to the peculiar quality of the water of this spring by the fact that his cattle refused to drink it, and then by personal "sampling," its sweetness inducing him to try the experiment of sugar-making from such singular material, with the result stated. We tasted the sugar—which has almost the identical appearance of maple—and were struck with its similarity of taste. There is enough difference, however, to convince one that it is not maple, but that it is an excellent quality of sugar.

What We Like to See.

A man worth $50,000 who says that he is too poor even to take the local paper.

A man refuse to take his local paper, and all the time sponge on his neighbor the reading of it.

A man run down his local paper as not worth taking, and every now and then beg the editor for a favor in the editorial line.

A merchant who refuses to advertise in the home paper, and yet expects to get his share of the trade the paper brings in town.

A man complain, when asked to subscribe for his home paper, that he takes more papers than he reads now, and then go around and borrow his neighbor's, or loaf about until he gets the news from it.

Above all, the rich, miserly man, who cannot pay for his local paper, yet who is always around in time to read the paper at the expense of a friend, not worth the tenth part of what he himself is, yet who is enterprising enough to help support the paper.

We like to see these things, because they are indicative of economy, thrift and progress—in a horn.—*Waterloo (N. Y.) Observer.*

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The total number of fires in Paris last year (chimneys excepted) was 1,049. The loss was a little over $1,000,000.

The young lady who can peel a potato in five seconds is as useful as the young woman who speaks five languages is ornamental.

The international conference on Arctic exploration, in session at Hamburg, advocated the gradual establishment of a chain of stations toward the polar regions.

Either the boys have got to quit flying lantern kites at night or the government must provide asylum accommodations for distracted astronomers. —*Boston Post.*

A spider's net suspended across the path of Sir Samuel Brown, as he walked one dewy morning in his garden, was the prompter that gave to him the idea of his suspension bridge across the Tweed.

There are 60,000 locomotives in the United States, and each contains 2,800 different pieces, requiring renewal every ten or twelve years. This conveys a notion of the industries which railroads foster.

A Missouri newspaper having nominated "the Honorable Adolph Pantz" for the Presidency, the Washington *Capital* suggests Schurz for Vice-President. "Pantz and Schurz would work well together," says the *Capital*.

The digest of cases of the California reports has one head that reads: "People vs. Ah Chung, People vs. Ah Cow, People vs. Ah Fong, People vs. Ah Fung, People vs. Ah How, People vs. Ah Ling, People vs. Ah Woo, People vs. Ah Yek."

The Indianapolis *Sentinel* prints some figures, purporting to come from a well-informed source, which show that the first cost of nine coffins, of various kinds, from plain to imitation rosewood and extra fine cloth caskets, was $160, and the retail price was $717 50.

An inscription in an old cemetery at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, is neatly and plainly cut in the marble slab, as follows: "Christiana, wife of John Haag, Died, February 31, 1869." How such a blunder ever got into the copy, or how even the stone-cutter could let it go on, is a mystery.

Wasps' nests are frequently ignited by some chemical action, supposed to be that of the wax upon the paper-like substances of which the nests are formed. Spontaneous combustion of this nature is believed to have been the cause of many mysterious fires in haystacks and farmers' buildings.

The latest Parisian coiffure for young girls under fifteen is to crimp the whole of the hair, brush it out smoothly and then braid it in one long plait or braid fastened at the nape of the neck with a soft ribbon bow. Another bow is placed some distance below, around the braid, and the hair below the final bow is arranged in light curls.

The newspaper advertisement, an exchange truthfully says, is a never-tiring worker in the interests of its employer. When the bill distributor has disappeared from the streets and his bills trampled into pulp, the advertisement is performing its silent mission in the family circle. It appeals to a constituency three or four times larger than the actual sale of the paper, for there are few newspapers which do not pass from hand to hand through three or four persons with every issue.

The Gate City guard, a military company of Atlanta, Ga., has decided to erect a memorial armory, which shall commemorate the reunion of the States and the return of peace. The decision grew out of the warmth and cordiality of the reception given the organization on its late tour through the North. The stars and stripes will float from the turrets. Many subscriptions have been made, and it is proposed to open subscription lists in every principal city, that all the States may be represented.

Boston and Portland merchants ship large quantities of lumber to Brazil, because she has very few mills. The streams wash away many trees, which mill owners at their mouths would simply have to capture and land. A Portuguese who built a mill a few years ago at the mouth of the Madeira river, has recently retired with a large fortune, although he had employed only the rudest machinery and unskilled workmen. The cedar logs floating down supplied him in five months in every year with sufficient timber for the entire year's work.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* prints an interesting tabular review of last year's export movement. It appears from the figures that in 1879 the people of the United States shipped through New York to foreign consumers $72,271,179 worth of wheat $18,284,639 worth of corn, $2,572,378 worth of rye, $192,629 worth of oats $65,970 worth of barley, $21,016,726 worth of wheat flour, $427,492 worth of corn meal, $17,615 worth of rye flour, $35,594,873 worth of bacon and hams, $2,986,171 worth of salt pork, $1,992,916 worth of salt beef, $4,508,821 worth of fresh beef, $103,085 worth of fresh mutton, $5,102,359 worth of butter, $10,537,538 worth of cheese, $17,720,238 worth of lard, and $4,714,671 worth of tallow. The exportation of cotton from New York during the year footed up $23,599,703; that of petroleum and its products, $26,567 106. Germany took the lion's share of the refined petroleum, but England is still America's best transatlantic customer. On this side of the ocean Brazil naturally enjoys that distinction, although Venezuela has a warmer appreciation of American bacon and hams.